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Immortals



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Chapter 1 by H.S.A

Prologue

The hooded figure walked quickly through the dark forest. The hood was just high enough that you could recognise the figure as a man in his 20's. He looked behind him often as he walked, fearing that he was being followed. Night was creeping in, sending shadows across the muddy ground. Despite it being late evening, it was still hot enough for it to bring beads of sweat the man's skin. Dried grass and leaves crunched under his feet as he went. The man was breathing heavily. He had been walking a long distance and had even run at one point. His fingers clenched tighter on the small object in his right hand. It was a stone. In his other hand he held a shovel, which scraped the dirt as he went. Abruptly, he stopped, carefully placed the rock on the ground beside him and started to dig. He dug quickly, his movement fluid and precise. After about a minute of digging, he put the shovel aside and placed the stone in the hole and covered it. He got back up and dusted his hands off. He felt dizzy; ever since he left his home, he had been weak and tired; no longer like a healthy young man but a weak, feeble elder. It wasn't going to end well for him; he knew that. Sooner or later, it would become more than just dizziness and weakness; he will be in terrible pain. He was sure of it. And if the illness didn't take his life, his

pursuers would. But the rock was safe and so was he, for at least the nearest future. However, he knew what was coming, and in the end, no one ever is safe.

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